THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 19, 1809.

SUMMER *in the* COUNTRY.

" Welcome, ye shades, ye bowery thickets, hail!"

NOW, from the humblest dale to the proudest mountain, nature is every where majestic and lovely. This universe, where, not long ago, jarring elements reigned in frozen tyranny, is suddenly changed to a beautiful temple, where, in every form and every hue, life, pleasure, and love, vegetate, breathe, and bloom. Heaven itself, as if enamoured of this reviving earth, has cast off its mourning garments, and through an unclouded sky, shines on her with renovated lustre.

Oh, blooming nature! with what religious reverence dost thou inspire the feeling beholder of thy glory! On thy enamelled theatre, our sensibility, unconfined, wildly ranges through the luxuriant beauties of this new creation, and on the enthusiastic raptures of admiration, gratitude, and love, spontaneously rise to the first, great, and uncreated source of thy dearest blessings, of thy boundless gifts!

Oh, sweet country; how delightful are now thy fields, covered with flowers and herbs! thy mountains crowned with thick foliage, and thy vales hung in rich verdure! Now, unloosened by the soft breach of zephyr, thy gentle rivulets resume their wanton meanders, and again unfurl and sport their silvery waves to the light of milder days; on their borders of dew, the modest violet, the fair lily, and the fragrant shrub, spontaneously grow; and even the king of the forest, the noble and generous oak, who, from renowned Albion's triumphant shores, commands and rules stormy seas and raging worlds,

will often protect their little mossy banks with his potent roots, and gracefully bend his grand and lofty shade to the gently flowing waters of their limpid streams.

Oh, sweet country! it is from the bosom of thy deep retired bowers, that innocence ejaculated her first prayer, and pure love breathed its first sigh! and it is, by an original instinct, that wisdom still likes to muse in thy flowery paths and grandeur, to seek repose beneath thy cooling shades. Oh, beloved country! thy earth is clothed with a rich vegetation of emerald and gold; thou art fanned with breezes of perfumes, watered with rivers of melted crystal, and encompassed with an horizon of azure. Oh, how soon, in the midst of thee, will our passions be lulled to rest, and harmonized to that solemn stillness which pervades thy rural scenes, and, as it were, wraps up infant nature in a veil of gentle peace! In the midst of thee, every object brings our existence back to the first period of time, when man, in the full strength of his health and youth, started up in life, and, crowned with innocence and glory, reigned absolute on a world happy and submissive! In the midst of the country every thing pleases the eye and speaks to the soul; we both see and feel nature; and thus, by the beauties of the sight, we improve and refine the feelings of the heart.

There is so intimate an association between outward impressions and our inward feelings, that the powerful and sweet influence of the country, to soften and humanize our souls, cannot be doubted. Oh man! when thou art placed on that sublime stage, in every scene of which, through the exultation of universal joy and happiness, great and bounteous nature pompously displays the enamelled verdure of the spring, united to the heaped riches of the summer; are not all the sweetest affections of thy being modelled into one continual act of grateful adoration to thy Creator, and of kind benevolence to thy fellow-creatures? When thou art surrounded with that universal blaze of love and beauty, canst thou still be benumbed with selfishness, or frozen with avarice? When the flowers refresh thy senses with their sweet perfumes, and the gushing fountain liberally quenches thy thirst with its cooling waters; when thy generous trees extend their protecting shades over thy head, and feed thee abundantly with their luscious fruits; oh, tell me, canst thou refuse to stretch forth thy hand to the forsaken and forlorn? Canst thou refuse a boon to the needy poor, or a comfort to the suffering sick? When sweet heaven, unasked, unimplored, (alas! perhaps never thanked!) fans thee with his purest breeze, and sheds over thy dwelling and thy fields his genial showers and fostering dews! oh, tell me! cannot even a ray of sympathising pity kindle a sigh in thy heart, or start a tear in thy eye? Then, ungrateful and

sordid

sordid wretch away with thee " from the bounteous walks of flowing spring," to those barren climes, to those burning sands, where blasted plains groan beneath an unrelenting sky! Away! thy very looks would check the smiles of nature, and wither its bloom. Yes, it is a kind of impiety to tread with a cruel and unfeeling heart on that sweet earth, " all beauty to the eye, all music to the ear," whose parental bosom generously heaves with a luxuriant plenty, and equally nourishes the monarch who waves a golden sceptre over millions of her children, and the poor little worm that lonely creeps in her dust.

N. FRAISINET.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

[From Polwhele's Literary History of Cornwall, p. 121, 122, 123, 124, 125.]

AMONG the natives of Cornwall who have lately contributed to the illustration of our mineralogical and chemical history, are HAWKINS, GREGOR, RASHLEIGH, and DAVY. In 1787 were published, Klaproth's Observations on the Fossils of Cornwall, which I introduce here, as Klaproth was obliged to John Hawkins, esq. for those fossils, and for assistance in making some of his analyses.

Mr. *John Hawkins* was born at Trewithen, in the parish of Probus, the fourth son of Thomas Hawkins, esq. of that place. From Helston school, where he continued a short time, he was removed to Winchester; thence to Cambridge. How long he remained at the university I have not learned; but it was early he commenced a tourist. On his return from the continent, he formed an attachment with a Miss Reed, of Salisbury, which, from a cause as yet unknown, was suddenly broken off, and he again left England. He now visited the plains of Troy, and travelled through Greece, almost every part of which he surveyed with accuracy. Whether the world will ever have to thank Mr. Hawkins for an account of his travels is uncertain; but he has a mass of materials, from which numerous volumes might be extracted. From his connection with learned foreigners his route may often be traced. He had the gratification, (if it were any to Mr. Hawkins), wherever almost he directed his steps, *digito monstrarier*. No English gentleman was ever held, perhaps, in higher estimation on the continent. And in England, (till familiarity had worn out the effect of a celebrated name) his appearance used to cause a sensation in the circles of fashion and literature. Mr.

Hawkins lately married Miss Sibthorpe, a lady of botanical character in point of descent and genius.

The Rev. *William Gregor*, the younger son of the late Francis Gregor, of Trewarthenic, esq. is another Cornish gentleman of uncommon merit, in whatever light we view his character. In this place I speak of him as a mineralogist. To him we are obliged for the discovery of a new mineral substance, which he called "manachanite," from its having been found in the vale of Manachan. In a letter, which I lately received from him, Mr. Gregor thus adverts to the subject:—"I discovered the substance which I called the manachanite, in the year 1790. I pronounced it to consist of iron in a magnetic state, united to the calx of a new metallic substance, and a very minute portion of manganese; subsequent examination has proved me to be in the right. My memoir I sent to a German journal; it was read before the royal society; and would have been inserted in the Philosophical Transactions, if it had not previously been published in that journal, which was against the rules of the society. The new metallic calx is now called titanium. Kalproth has analysed the menachanite sand, and he agrees with me in almost every particular. I discovered the same calx in a species of schoerl in the west of Cornwall, and lately in a species of adamantine spar from the distant region of Thibet.

In 1797, Mr. *Rashleigh*, of Menabilly, published "Specimens of British Minerals." This is a valuable work, containing a specific description, with engravings, of a considerable number of the most rare species found in Cornwall. The drawings of the minerals were made by Mr. T. R. Underwood, and Mr. Bone, a native of Cornwall; they are executed with fidelity and taste. The principal characteristics, however, of amorphous minerals cannot be expressed by the most skilful painter. To give an idea of the various gradation from transparency to opacity, of the lustre, the iridescency, the fracture, and the disposition, of the component parts, with such a degree of minuteness as to be very serviceable to the mineralogist, would baffle the powers of the most able artist.

Mr. *Humphrey Davy*, though he come last, is not the least among our chemists. Mr. Davy was born in Penzance, about 1779, where he received the first part of his education, residing in the house of Mr. Tonkin, a gentleman well known in that neighbourhood for his general philanthropy and particular regard for Mr. Davy's family. Thence he removed to Dr. Cardew's school at Truro; but returned in a few years to acquire the profession of a surgeon and apothecary, under a medical gentleman at Penzance. Here his genius for chemistry first displayed itself; here he almost commenced his brilliant career, by varying the experiments of our most celebrated

pneumatic

pneumatic chemists, and adapting them to vegetables exclusively produced on the sea shore. These were communicated to Dr. Beddoes, who immediately sensible of Mr. Davy's merit, negociated, through a common friend, to obtain his assistance at a medical establishment, just then beginning at Bristol. The terms were easily settled, and Mr. Davy accompanied his entry into public life by a treatise on the most obtruse of all chemical subjects—the nature and relation of light and heat. The credit justly acquired by this work, and subsequent essays, together with his successful delivery of a course of lectures at Clifton, introduced Mr. Davy to the notice of those gentlemen who direct the most promising of recent establishments, the royal institution, where he now holds one of the principal stations, and by his lectures and experiments, contributes largely to that eclat which has so eminently distinguished this national foundation.

I had so far written, when a letter from a friend in London, (1st January, 1808,) announced to me a wonderful discovery of the Cornish chemist. "It is really," says my friend, "of the most interesting kind. If it pleases God to grant him health to perfect it, I think few that have ever preceded him will be considered as giving an equally distinct insight into the mysterious laws of nature. By the application of galvanism to potash and soda, Davy has compelled these bodies to divide themselves into two parts, the one oxigen, the other, what he considers as their basis. This is a metallic body, fluid, and apparently similar to mercury, 'till about the point of the congelation of water, when it crystalizes into a malleable metal. This metallic matter is lighter than water. The basis of soda is to water as nine to ten; that of potash six to ten, and the latter rises in a distilled napthæ. It amalgamates with mercury, and renders it hard. It amalgamates also with other metals, but its avidity for oxigen is such, that it does not long remain as a metal in any mixture, but gradually changes into the salt from which it is originally made. Its avidity for oxigen is such, that on being thrown into water, it instantly produces intense heat and flame. The effect is similar to what happens when a piece of white hot metal of equal size is treated in the same way; and in an instant the alkali, of which it was formed, is regenerated, and may be recovered from the water of the same weight as the salt originally was. Nothing can preserve it, even for a few minutes, but distilled napthæ. When put into fluid, it attracts a small portion of oxigen, forms a thin particle round it, and afterwards remains unaltered.

When Davy was taken ill, he was pursuing his discovery by subjecting barytes to a similar galvanic process; he had seen the basis of barytes in minute globules, resembling in their

their general appearance the other basis, but had not yet discovered the means of collecting it. How unfortunate would this young man be, and how much more so should we all think ourselves, were he to be lost to science, at the moment of his having opened so magnificent an entrance into the mysteries of nature, and before he had been permitted to pass through it! The national institute at Paris has given him their prize of 3000 livres, for his paper on chemical affinities.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH, June 1.

MASON *v.* RIDDIFORD AND ANOTHER.

MR. PARK stated that the plaintiff was a respectable woollen draper in Holborn. The defendants, Messrs. Riddiford and Hughes, eminent wholesale woollen-drapers in Basinghall-street. The plaintiff, on the 17th of December last, having occasion for various sorts of cloths, went, for the purpose of purchasing them, to the defendants' warehouse, and bought various pieces, and, among the rest, ten pieces of blue superfine woollen cloth, at 21s. per yard, of which a bill of parcels was made out; and received, as a pattern of the bulk, 18 yards, for which he paid 19l. the rest was to be delivered on the 31st of that month, on which he was to accept a bill for the amount, payable in four months. He sent a friend of his, Mr. Lindsey, to call for these ten pieces of cloth; and then Mr. Hughes said that this cloth had not come from the manufactory in the country; that they were going to send to the country, and that they would send it as soon as it came from thence; that he expected the goods in a few days; that the manufacturer had behaved in a very unhandsome manner in not sending to them the goods; but that he believed they had omitted to send them because of the advance of price. Mr. Lindsey told Mr. Hughes that this was nothing to Mr. Mason, for that he must insist on the delivery of the goods according to the contract, and that he must bring an action for enforcing the contract, if it was not complied with; and Mr. Hughes said, if Mr. Mason brought an action against them, they must bring an action against the manufacturer. Another application was made for these cloths on the 28th of January; and Mr. Hughes said, that he would have nothing to say on the subject, observing that Mr. Mason had behaved unhandsomely to him, and that he might proceed in his action. The contract was proved by the bill of parcels.

It

It then appeared by the evidence of Mr. Daniel Price, a considerable woollen-draper in Cornhill, that the price of woollen cloth of this quality, which although called superfine was not of the very best kind, advanced from the middle of December, when it was at 21s. to the beginning of February, to about 30s. or 32s. a yard; by the evidence of Mr. Butler, of Basinghall-street, from 21s. to about 30s. a yard; by the evidence of Mr. Grimes, of Ludgate-hill, the advance was only from about 21s. to 28s. per yard, making the advance from the middle of December to the beginning of February, in superfine cloth, only 7s. per yard!

The defence was, that the sale in this case was only conditional; that they offered to the plaintiff these cloths afterwards, and he would not make up his mind until they were sold to another. But this was not made out to the satisfaction of his lordship and the jury, who found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 126l. being at the rate of 7s. a yard, for the advance in the price of cloth from the middle of December to the beginning of February last, the quantity of cloth being 360 yards, each piece running 36 yards; and yet, we understand, many persons were charged five, and some six pounds, for a coat of superfine cloth, under the idea of its being upwards of two guineas per yard!

An Account of William the Conqueror's Accession to the Crown of England; Battle of Hastings; William Rufus, &c.

[From the Roman de Bose, Manuscript in the national Library at Paris, marked No. 6987, and 7567, by the late M. De Brequigny.]

THE ancient romances are known to be historical narratives on subjects of this kind, and therefore no more apology is necessary for introducing them as such, than there would be for considering Robert of Gloucester, Harding, or Shakespeare's plays of our kings, fictitious, because written in verse.

The first part of the romance merely concerns the dukes of Normandy, which I pass over of course, and proceed at once to the events connected with English history.

It is known that William, after the death of Edward the Confessor, pretended, that this prince, dying without children, had declared him his successor: some authors have written that it was by a will. Vace, (the author,) says only that Edward had an intention of making William his heir. Some, he adds, have thought that Edward sent Harold, his seneschal, over to Normandy, on purpose to announce this intention to William: but it is agreed, according to others, that Harold only came to obtain the delivery of his relatives, given in

hostage to Edward, for conservation of the fealty of Godwin, whose daughter Edward had married, and with whom, (Godwin) he had quarelled. These hostages had been confided to William. Harold had a gracious reception. A conversation took place about the succession of Edward's throne, to which Harold had some pretensions. William obliged him, not only to renounce them, but to swear that he would use every effort to secure the throne to William. In return, he promised Harold to give him one of his daughters in marriage. William, to corroborate the oath which he required, concealed some relics, upon which Harold took the oath, without having seen them: but when the oath was pronounced, William exhibited them. This interesting trait of the superstition of the age, proves at least, that William distrusted the plain and simple oath of Harold, and the event justified his distrust.

Edward died: it is admitted, that he had desired, that William should be his heir, but William was at a distance: Edward had left his barons at liberty to choose between William and Harold. The latter, who was on the spot, and who had great influence, easily acquired the preference. William in vain called upon him to perform his oath. Harold replied, that he would do nothing for him, and would neither marry his daughter, nor surrender the territory. William declared war against him, and Harold expelled all the Normans from England, whither Edward had drawn over numbers. This fact is related by our author and Guillaume de Junneges, but is very different from the representations of the English historians: there is not also in the poem, a single word of any discourse of the barons, who, according to the chronicle,* demanded of Edward the nomination of Harold, as his successor.

The conquest† of England by William, is so well known, says M. de Brequigny, that I pass it over. I shall only remark that Vace, on this occasion, reports many particulars relative to manners and customs: and I shall quote for instance, the song of Roland, sung by the army of William when it marched to charge the enemy. [The reader will find this song, with the music, and a humourous English translation, in Burney's History of Music.] This fact, though not mentioned in the chronicle, founded upon the poem, is attested by William of Malmesbury, and is of some importance: because the authors of the Literary History of France have concluded from it, that the use of the Romance tongue was common in the eleventh century.

* Founded on the poem.

† This word is a law-term, signifying acquisition; and in this sense it is here used. See Blackstone.

William demanded succours from the King of France, but though he offered to hold of him the crown of England, he had no success. The pope, to whom he made the same offer, accepted it, and sent him a gomanon, or standard, and a ring, in which was a hair of St. Peter.

The battle ensued: Harold advanced at the head of his army. The list of the Norman knights, who signalized themselves, fills up six pages. Odo, bishop of Bayeux, did wonders. He is described as clothed in a haubergeon, with a white shirt underneath, riding upon a white horse, and a baton in his hand. He was the brother of William. All the circumstances related by Vace, conform to the famous Bayeux tapestry, worked by Maud, wife of the conqueror.

Harold, who had an eye put out by an arrow, at the commencement of the battle, and afterwards was wounded in the thigh, continued to fight, 'till at last he was killed. [Our historians represent him as not wounded by the arrow, 'till the close of the battle; that in the thigh, being inflicted after death, by a dastardly soldier whom William punished.]

Vace highly extols the valour of William. He had two horses killed under him. After the complete defeat of his enemies, he wished to sleep on the field of battle; but it was represented to him, that among the wounded, with whom the field was strewed, some might have strength enough left to poignard him in the night. When he was disarmed, all his arms were found broken, through the blows struck upon them.

[The passages which follow, are precisely similar to the published accounts, and therefore are not given.]

William had just burned the town of Mantes, and wished to cross it in the midst of the ruins. They occasioned his horse to fall, and the king was wounded by the pommel of the saddle. Many historians ascribe his death to the consequences of that wound. Vace only says, that, upon his return to Rouen, he fell sick, and feeling his end approach, he disposed of his dominions, giving Normandy to Robert, his eldest son; England to William, who was the second; and to Henry, the third, 5000 pounds. His disorder increasing, he died after six weeks illness. Vace makes him sixty-four years old: probably from copying Orderic Vitalis, but he was only sixty. [That excellent historian, Malmesbury, (De W. i.) says only fifty-nine.

Before his death, William liberated all the prisoners: of this number, for four years, was his brother Odo, bishop of Bayeux, who had been of much service to him at the battle of Hastings, but had refused to give him any account of the revenues of England, the administration of which had been confided to him. William had been obliged to arrest him himself, nobody daring to lay hands upon a bishop. But, said the

king, " I arrest you, as earl of Kent," by which distincion William thought to preserve the respect due to the episcopal authority.

As soon as the king was dead, the people about him abandoned him to pillage the moveables, before he was put into the coffin. This custom of carrying off the moveables of great men, at the instant of their decease, subsisted a long while, especially in relation to bishops, and even to popes. William was buried at Caen, as he had ordered, in the church of the abbey of St. Stephen, which he had founded. His tomb, destroyed by the protestants in 1562, was repaired in 1642.

Vace does not forget the well-known fact, concerning the opposition, made to his burial, by a person named Ascelin, who pretended, that the part of the church, where they had prepared the burial of William, was, in his fief, and had been forcibly seized by that prince. This clamour excited a great tumult. It is commonly considered, as the origin of the " Cry of Haro," a cry still usual in Normandy, to re-demand a thing taken by violence, and to obtain immediate restitution through the judge. By this formula, they say, the plaintiff invokes Rou (Rolla) chief of the Norman dynasty. Paulus Emilius, a modern writer, is generally quoted for the guarantee of this etymon, and I do not believe that it had been suggested before him. [The cry exists in Jersey and Guernsey; the relics which we retain of the duchy of Normandy, which was wrested by France from John, some centuries before the existence of Paulus Emilius. See Falle p. 14. Ha! is the exclamation of a person suffering. Ro, the abbreviated name of the prince: so the custom is mentioned in the Chron. de Normandie l. xxvi. See too Rouillié, Grand Coustumier de Normandie, fol. lxxvi. Torrein, Commentaires du Droict, &c. au Pays et Duché de Normandie, liv. vii. ch. xi. De Reb. gest. Francor. l. iii. Masseville Hist. Somm. de Normandie p. i. l. 3. p. 224.] The poem of Vace, and other writers, near the time when the fact happened, say nothing which may support the opinion of Paulus Emilius. " I forbid all," cried Ascelin. Here is no mention of Rou: it is the ecclesiastical authority to which Ascelin appealed. [M. Brequigny forgot, that the delinquent was the prince. The Haro might have been therefore absurd. He therefore appealed to the church, as our people did to the pope, against the king.] The bishops interrogated the neighbours, and upon their depositions, gave to Ascelin sixty sous for his land. We may add to this, says M. Brequigny, that the cry of Haro, appears to have been, in these ages, a general appeal for assistance, without any determinate sense. Thus in the inquest taken in the thirteenth century, of the miracles of S. Louis, a woman, perceiving a child

child drowning, cries out " Harou, Harou, come here, help me to draw out the child." This exclamation is also found in some places of the Roman de la Rose, with which Rou could have no concern. [Here M. Brequigny makes out his case. Q. if both that and the Irish Arrah, the Normans being of northern origin, do not come from thence?]

Some subsequent facts given by M. Brequigny are common; I therefore pass on to some accounts of William Rufus, which are more favourable to his character, than general opinion.

During the siege of Mount S. Michael, the king and the duke* amused themselves with frequent challenges and justs. In one of these the king fell from his horse, but without quitting the saddle, which had gone off with him, the poitral and girths being broken by the violence of the blow which had been struck. He defended himself sword in hand, with the saddle grasped fast between his legs, until succour arrived, and without their being able to reproach him, with having evacuated the saddle, " *fait vider les arcons*," a fact which proves his courage, and the nice concern he took in the honour of chivalry. When he arrived at Barfleur, he marched to Mans, and delivered the castle. He gave to the inhabitants, who had defended it, all the houses of the town. Mayne was subdued: and the Earl Helias was made prisoner: but the king set him at liberty, telling him, to beware being taken again.

" Cas se jon vous prens autrefois,
Jamais de ma prison n'estrees."

The king returned to England, and, after reigning thirteen years, was killed by an arrow, shot by one of the hunters. The chronicle, which copies the poem, says, that they accused Walter Tirel, [whom the M.S. calls Titam: the French to this day not spelling or pronouncing English surnames accurately.] But Tirel protested many times with an oath, that he had not seen the king, and that he had not even gone, during the whole day, into the forest, where the prince was killed. This is further attested by Suger, (Rec. Hist. Franc. xii. 12.) who had it from Tirel's own mouth. The poet contents himself with saying, that the king was struck, the direction of the arrow having been diverted, either because the arrow glanced against a tree, or because Tirel, in shooting it, was obstructed by his side, and altered the direction. Tirel, according to the poet, fled into France. Orderic Vitalis adds, that he married there, and a long time afterwards went to Jerusalem, where he died.

* His brother Robert.

[This death of William Rufus, except that he died by violent means, is exceedingly dubious. He was detested. The Saxon Chronicle only says, that he was killed by one of his own retinue with an arrow. Cadmer, who lived in the reign, says, (p. 54.) that he was struck in the heart by an arrow, but whether, as some say, it was shot, or as more affirm, he stumbled and fell upon it, he thinks it not worth while to enquire. Neither the Saxon Chronicle or Cadmer mention Tyrrel's name: the stumbling upon the arrow, sounds like a lie artfully raised; and Tyrrel, from some pique, was perhaps made the scape-goat for the rest: for Cadmer adds, that the moment he was struck, he was deserted immediately by every body; a circumstance, which implies guilt. Possibly they shot at him from behind a tree for disguise, which occasioned the story of the arrow glancing, as a convenient excuse. Tyrrel's name was picked up afterwards, by report perhaps.]

SINGULAR LITERARY PREMIUMS.

WE copy the following remarkable proposal, on the most serious of all subjects, which has very recently been made public, being persuaded that it will interest the attention of all serious persons:—

A gentleman, deceased, has bequeathed a sum not less than twelve hundred pounds, to be paid to the person who shall write and lay before the judges, to be appointed as after-mentioned,

A TREATISE,

Which shall by them be determined to have the most merit, upon the following subjects, as expressed in his will, viz.

"The evidence that there is a being, all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists; and particularly, to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation; and, in the second place, from the revelation of the Lord Jesus; and from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for, and useful to mankind."

To the person who shall write and lay before the said judges a treatise on the subjects above-mentioned, which shall be found by them next in merit to the former; the testator further bequeaths a sum not less than four hundred pounds, after deducting therefrom the expence of printing and binding, or purchasing, 200 printed copies of each of the said treatises.

The ministers of the established church of Aberdeen, the principals and professors of king's and marischal colleges of Aberdeen,

Aberdeen, and the trustees of the testator, are appointed to nominate and make choice of three judges, who are to decide, agreeably to certain rules prescribed in the deed of settlement, upon the comparative merits of such treatises as shall be laid before them; and it may be proper to mention, that to discourage mean performances, the judges are empowered, (if unanimous only,) to find none of the treatises produced of sufficient merit to entitle the writers to the premiums. This will, however, be no discouragement to any person of ability; and the trustees hope it is a case which can scarcely happen.

The time allowed by the testator for the composition of these treatises extends to the 1st of January, 1814; and his trustees do now intimate, in compliance with his appointment, that those who shall become competitors for the said prizes, must transmit their treatises to Alexander Galen, esq. merchant, in Aberdeen, in time to be with him on or before the said 1st day of January, 1814, as none can be received after that date; and they must be sent free of all expence to the trustees.

The judges will then, without delay, proceed to examine and decide upon the comparative merits of such treatises as shall be laid before them; and the trustees will at the first term of Whitsunday, after the determination of the judges, pay the premiums to the successful candidates, agreeably to the will of the testator. As it tends much to an impartial decision, that the names of the authors should be concealed from the judges, the trustees request that the treatises may not be exhibited in the hand-writing of their respective authors, or have their names annexed to them. Each treatise must be distinguished by a peculiar motto; this motto must be written on the outside of a sealed letter, containing the author's name and his address, and sent along with his performance. The names of the successful candidates only shall be known by opening their letters; the other letters shall be destroyed unopened. The writers of the unsuccessful treatises may afterwards recover their copies, by applying to Mr. Galen, and by mentioning only the motto which they may have assumed.

Letters addressed as above, (post-paid) will meet with attention.

On Marine Vegetables, and the Icy Crust formed on Glass Windows, in a severe Frost.

By Mr. James Graham, of Berwick upon Tweed.

THE latter phenomenon, he observes, is so common, "that I believe there are few who have not taken some notice of it; however, with the great bulk of mankind, it excites not

the least surprise. Such seems to be the general weakness of the human intellect. Some have supposed these icy figures to have been formed by chance; but on a closer observation this will not be found the case; for, when strictly examined, every figure is as regularly formed, as if drawn by the hand of a skilful artist, and the whole exhibits as it were a beautiful delineation of various marine or sea plants! Sometimes there is an exact representation of the plant from which that species of ashes, or alkali, commonly called kelp, is made. On the other parts of the glass a perfect likeness of some of the smaller vegetables appear, which from a small root branch out into an astonishing number of fine fibres, joined together in such curious workmanship, as far to excel any land production, at least that I have observed. Indeed, no description which I can give without a drawing can convey any idea either of the beauty or curiosity of these icy arborifications. What is the natural cause of this effect? A large fire, or the increase of company in a room, will sometimes change these figures, and partly melt the crust on the glass; but where nature is left to operate without interruption, the effect is generally the same.

"The first sight of the sea, to a person who has lived to maturity without seeing it, is the greatest object which nature presents to the mind on this terraqueous globe. If the survey is made on a calm summer's day, the clear, smooth, and extended surface, bounded only by the horizon, fills the mind with the most pleasing wonder and surprise. If the survey is made in winter, during a storm, what a grand and awful spectacle is presented, particularly to a person not accustomed to the scene! The deep and hollow sound of contending waves catches the ear at a great distance; but when the billows dash with such impetuous force on the shore, as to threaten destruction to the very rocks and banks which nature has placed as a barrier to the ocean's almost irresistible fury, the mind is filled with amazement.

"But the object to which I would direct the attention of the inquisitive mind, is the vast quantity of marine plants, which are to be found on the shore, and among the rocks, during the ebb tide. These are often thrown up in such promiscuous heaps on the beach, that superficial observers pay them no attention. They would not easily believe that the mind of the traveller is not less astonished, when he first visits the torrid zone, and finds every tree, every shrub and plant, different from any thing he had seen in the more temperate climates. I shall not attempt to give any delineation of this vegetable kingdom; even if my abilities were equal to the task, it would far exceed the limits of a short essay; but I will again assure all who have not made the experiment, that their pains and trouble will be amply gratified, and their curiosity fully repaid in so doing.

doing. I cannot, however, conclude without one more observation, viz.—During the ebb-tide, if the shore is rocky, a number of small pools of clear water are left, in which will be found many of the smaller plants adhering to the stones of rock, which, if carefully removed, and before they are too dry are spread on white paper, will exhibit a most pleasing and beautiful variety without the trouble of drawing."

Description of the Dardanelles, the strong Castles which defend Constantinople.

[From Macgill's Travels in Turkey.]

THE fort on the Asiatic side is built quite close to the water's edge, and has mounted on that side of it several guns of an astonishing calibre. Some of the granite shot lying about the fortress are not less than ten feet and a half in diameter, and are said to weigh from eight to ten cwt. Round the fortress is a ditch, but without water, and if full it would not take a man above the middle. To the south of the fort is a small mound battery of six or eight brass guns of considerable length, but of no uncommon calibre. On the top of the fort are planted many long swivels, carrying a ball of about half a pound. On the European side of the channel, and immediately opposite to the Dardanelles, is built another fort of the same kind, but apparently of better construction, and on a rising ground. The first battery is closer to the water; the second, of an oval shape, is visible from the opposite shore. In this, as in all other Turkish fortresses, there is a mixture of guns of very large calibre. In the lower castle of Smyrna there are several, into which, when on fishing parties, I have more than once crept to avoid a shower.

To force the passage of the Dardanelles must be an undertaking truly formidable. From the lower castles on both sides of the Hellespont, little danger is to be apprehended, as ships can steer tolerably clear of them; but the fire from those at the Dardanelles, where the channel becomes narrow, and the current remarkably strong, must be very destructive. It would, however, be no difficult matter to storm the castle on either side, particularly that on the Asiatic, which has few or no guns toward the land; and that on the European is commanded by neighbouring heights. One or both of them being taken, the passage would then be of no difficulty; and without that, no commander of moderate force would think of attempting it, unless he wished his fleet to be destroyed, as with a tolerable breeze, even of southerly wind, a vessel moves so very slowly, that every shot from these castles must tell. This point

gained, Constantinople lies at the mercy of every enemy, without fort or gun to defend it, if we except a few saluting batteries; one at Tophana, one at the arsenal, and a few scattered guns at the Seraglio Point, of various lengths and calibres, placed there for the same purpose, without any kind of embrazures or works to cover them.

The population of the Dardanelles is computed to be between twenty or thirty thousand souls, which, however, appears to me an exaggeration. It is true, a great proportion is composed of Jews, who huddle together six or eight families in the same house.

RECIPE FOR MAKING FAMILY WINE.

By Mr. Matthews.

[From the Bath Society's Papers, Vol. xi.]

TAKE black currants, red ditto, white ditto, ripe cherries (black hearts are the best), raspberries, each an equal, or nearly an equal quantity; if the black currants be the most abundant, so much the better. To 4lb. of the mixed fruit, well bruised, put one gallon of clear soft water; steep three days and nights, in open vessels, frequently stirring up the mass; then strain through a hair sieve. The remaining pulp press to dryness. Put both liquids together, and to each gallon of the whole put 3lb. good, rich, moist sugar, of a bright yellowish appearance. Let the whole stand again three days and nights, frequently stirring up as before, after skimming off the top. Then tun it into casks, and let it remain, full and purging at the bung hole, about two weeks. Lastly, to every nine gallons put one quart of good brandy, and bung down. If it does not soon drop fine, a steeping of isinglass may be introduced, and stirred into the liquid, in the proportion of about half an ounce to nine gallons.

N. B. Gooseberries, especially the largest, rich-flavoured, may be used in the mixture to great advantage; but it has been found the best way to prepare them separately, by more powerful bruising, or pounding, so as to form the proper consistence in pulp; by putting six quarts of fruit to one gallon of water, pouring on the water at twice; the smaller quantity at night, and the larger the next morning. This process, finished as aforesaid, will make excellent wine, unmixed; but this fluid, added to the former mixture, will sometimes improve the compound.

An

An ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman who was often bantered on account of his being almost always travelling, answered, that he would cease travelling as soon as ever he could find a country where power and credit were in the hands of honest men, and preferment went by merit. "Nay then," says an Englishman who heard him, "you will infallibly die travelling."

BRUTALITY PUNISHED.

AN extraordinary event lately occurred at Thanington-farm, near Canterbury, in Kent:—A plough-servant, in the employ of Mr. Croasdill, being at work with a team, one of the horses not doing exactly as his cruel taskmaster wished, he struck him several times, with the most brutal violence, across the head, &c. which at length enraged the valuable, and otherwise docile animal, to such a degree, that he turned on his merciless oppressor, seized him in his mouth, and carried him, in the greatest agony and suspense, a considerable distance, where he threw him down with great force; he then renewed the attack, by butting him several times with his head, and would undoubtedly have killed him, had not one of his mates, who observed the precarious situation he was in, run to his assistance, and rescued him from that fate he seemed so justly to merit, from his want of humanity.

Lord Erskine has recently introduced, into the house of peers, a bill to punish wanton cruelty to the dumb creation. We sincerely hope his humane intentions may not be defeated. These acts of barbarity are generally committed by inconsiderate and ignorant persons. They should, however, be told, that such acts are forbidden by God, and are disgraceful to beings who possess even a small degree of understanding.

Answer, by W D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to the Question taken from the Gentleman's Diary for the present Year, and inserted March 6.

THE plank being as long as the room, and its area being one-third of the area of the room, it is evident that three times the width of the plank will be equal to the width of the room: consequently the room is 12 feet square, and the plank 12 feet long.

☞ Similar answers have been received from J. French and J. Ball, at Evershot school.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Honiton, to W. Kent's Rebus, inserted April 17.

NOT least doth lovely CLIO shine,
Among the fair poetic nine.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Ball and J. French, at Evershot school; W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; J. C. of Ottery; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; H. Richards, jun. of Exmouth; T. P. near Chard; L. N. S. Tucker, of Bugford; R. Loosemore, and J. P. of Tiverton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. W. of Charmouth; G. Pearse, near Bodmin; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; J. Price, of Yeovil; J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; and W. Lawrence, and N. Gribbell, of Plymouth.

Answer, by J. W. of Charmouth, to H. B.'s Rebus, inserted April 17.

YOUR rebus, Sir, as I suppose,
Means the BUTTON in our clothes.

† Similar answers have been received from T. Pearse, and S. Palmer, of Chard; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. M Carveth, of Helligan; G. Pearse, near Bodmin; H. Richards, jun. of Exmouth; J. Melhuish, Honiton; J. French, and J. Ball, at Evershot-school; L. N. J. C. of Ottery; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; R. Withall, William Lawrence, and N. Gribbell, of Plymouth.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to W. Kent's Charade, inserted the 24th of April.

LO! EAR-RINGS decorate the beauteous maid,
In all the charms of modesty array'd;
Replete with innocence, devoid of art,
Form'd to subdue and captivate the heart.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; T. Pearse, of Chard; J. Melhuish, Honiton; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; T. Byrt, of Shepton Mallet; J. W. of Charmouth; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; N. Gribbell, R. Withell, and W. Lawrence, of Plymouth; L. N. J. C. Jun. H. Richards, Jun. of Exmouth; Vigil, of Shaston; and C. Crews, of Newton Abbot.

A REBUS, *by W. Kent, near Camelford.*

A Part or portion of the body show;
A river that in foreign climes doth flow;
A vessel for my third you must select;
And lastly you'll a prophet's name detect:
An animal, ye bards of this fam'd isle,
The parts explain, 'tis oft found in the Nile.

A REBUS, *by T. Pearse, of Chard.*

A Reptile, and a herb select;
And next a bird you will detect;
A liquor that you know full well;
A beast that doth in India dwell:
When you the whole have join'd aright,
A tool I use 'twill bring to light.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

THE POET.

NEAR where yon sluggish water creeps,
Where in the breeze the willows wave,
In peace a gentle poet sleeps,
A turfy hillock is his grave.

There, whilst revolving seasons roll,
Fond memory drops a tender tear;
For he was stedfast as the pole,
And those he lov'd he lov'd sincere.

When sorrow first would o'er my heart
Its melancholy thoughts diffuse,
A balm was near to ease the smart,
It was the poet's matchless muse.

Ah! recollection paints the scene
Which we together wander'd thro',
Our breasts were chearful and serene,
And fancy smiling pictures drew.

Alas! that pictures such as these
Should but exist in fancy's eye,
Tho' they the mind of genius please,
Are but produc'd to fade and die.

But hark yon heavy tolling bell
Reminds me of the poet's fate;
Arise my muse, his virtues tell,
His pleasures and his pains relate.

Gentle he was, of soul sincere,
And kind as human heart could be,
To truth he strictly would adhere,
And cherish'd love and charity.

But vain the muse's utmost art,
His numerous virtues to relate;
His faults, kind reader, spare that part,
Faulty to be is mortals' fate.

Often at eve he chose to rove,
Near yonder woodland's dusky bower,
And listen to the tales of love
Sad Philomel at night would pour.

His heart, congenial, own'd the lay,
The sympathetic sorrow grew;
Adown his cheek the tear would stray,
His tender plaints were artless too.

And often when the moon's pale beam
Would on the silvery surface play,
He lov'd to view the glitt'ring stream,
And on its flowery margin stray.

The

The solemn scene he view'd around,
That stillness which the nights diffuse;
Nought heard except the rippling sound
Of waters, suited well his muse.

And he his trembling lyre would tune,
Fine frenzy lightening in his eye;*
Whilst to the brightly shining moon
He sung sweet strains of melody.

Now quench'd is that poetic fire,
And lifeless lies that matchless tongue;
And quite unstrung that dulcet lyre
Which with the sweetest numbers rung.

And we no more the strain shall hear,
Since death has made his numbers cease;
For free from trouble and from care
The gentle poet sleeps in peace.

Exeter. J. TREADWIN.

* "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling."—SHAKESPEARE.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

DISMISSAL OF BACCHUS.

GOOD master Bacchus, do not grieve;
But, by your little worship's leave,
Henceforth (should prudence lend assistance)
I'll keep you at an awful distance;
For health and you keep such a pother
I must discard you—one or other;
I therefore (think me not uncivil)
Beg leave to kick you to th' D—l.

M A Y.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet MAY! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue, voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces dress'd in flowery wreaths,
And tip-toe joys their hands combine;
And love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life the glittering throngs,
On quivering fin, and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee goddess of the spring.

June 1, 1808.